

NT WORK.

TH:  
the Subject of Civil  
WISSELMAN'S AL  
in New York, by the

only discovered in  
the highest impo-  
rting publications  
and various insti-  
tutions, do not re-  
fer to their funda-  
mentals, or perhaps  
these dangers are  
overcome by a cele-  
brated and learned  
and honest man of  
the instrument.

The means of pro-  
tection are nothing  
but a few knowl-  
edge, and caution.

Nor does it control  
the condition.

DERED

shown to be of the  
the soundest princi-  
ples, and our virtue.  
It is the best of all  
the conditions.

The object is by  
means will be to  
the possible  
of the highest  
happiness.

NATURE.

between the genera-  
tions we may,  
with  
a delicate  
independence of  
the circumstances  
of life, and  
the right to many

PROBLE

ture are not we-  
sidered to interest  
us, and we value  
not the present  
now of our lives,  
but have passed  
wound into care  
and dejection.

ES.

our physical con-  
dition, but we are  
of the whole humanity  
will terminate  
of this certain  
we let us sub-  
jects to them  
recent many in

CASES.

An angel, I ad-  
mire, uplifted  
to earth, did  
not see the  
earth, and the  
whole creation.

Shall such  
this govern-  
to trouble our  
very souls—  
be found in

ES.

But, with unreconciled tone,  
They told me that his last, and hour dry night,  
Mark'd his hot rays into his bosom pine,  
As though they sported with a thing divine.

Silence it seem'd—perchance, it only mus'd

What he might best tell me, in my ear,  
Told me that he was a singer, and a singer  
Gave to his keeping, for the hearts that hear  
And understand.

Even a frail flower may lift

Its leaves, mutter'd grotto, weary Thought

Was Gno to spread its pillow, and lie down,

To dream away the fever of the world.

At I there stood, at that still evening hour,  
Bathed in her tears—while the lamps

Screamed their hot rays into their bosom pine,

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# OXFORD DISMOCRAT

# Democrat

NO. 49, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1849.

OLD SERIES, NO. 5, VOLUME 18.

OXFORD DISMOCRAT,  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY  
G. W. ELLIOTT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TENNESSEE—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,  
ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on reasonable terms—  
TERMS—NOT being accountable for any error  
or amount charged for the advertisement—  
Reasonable deduction will be made for payments  
in advance.

Payment for all advertisements is held to be  
from the date of the first insertion.

P. V. PALMER, No. 8 Congress street, (over  
the Daily Advertiser Office) Boston, is Agent for  
cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and  
Edinburgh.

Book and Job Printing  
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

PRINTING.

From the Boston Weekly Museum.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CERES.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

They brought it huddled—like a babe, who goes  
To ball, or party—and each plying eye  
Shuns at the vestibule, desiring still  
The bold, and most commanding smile.

But when they took the shawl away, and out  
All instant at close return, the plant,

Expanded marvellously, a disk of leaves  
That fills the room, and makes a shelter

Round protecting, are the central hall,  
Its spreading petals, exquisitely white,

Bent to unfold. Into its deeply depths,

Coop and translucent, the admitted eye

Sees not a leaf.

Like sleep, mutter'd grotto, weary Thought

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From the Hallowell Gazette Extra, of April 2d.

#### MURDER IN HALLOWELL.

In this village, on Saturday evening last, about half past eight o'clock, an Irishman named Matthew Kinnan, was stabbed on the front of the thigh by some of a party of five or six Americans, which caused his death in about ten minutes.—

The wound was cut from one half to three quarters of an inch in length traverse of the leg, severing almost entirely the femoral artery and causing bleeding to death in the short time above stated.

The party alluded to, had been drinking gin and brandy during the day, and a portion of them were under the influence of liquor during the evening. The liquor was obtained in this town. Threats had been uttered against the Irishmen, by some of the party showing that a disposition existed to attack and abuse them.

In the evening they proceeded to that part of Second Street, where the most of the Irishmen employed on the Railroad, reside; several families occupying the houses known as the Freeman and Wells houses, belonging to the Railroad company, and began an assault by chasing the Irishmen that came in their way. One was knocked down twice, and in endeavoring to defend themselves the murdered man received his death wound.

Matthew Kinnan had been in town only about a week, and came here from the back route Railroad. It appears that he was a peaceable and respectable man, not inclined to quarrel, and the part he took in the affair was to protect himself and the other Irishmen from injury. In fact the behavior of his countrymen employed here upon the road, so far as we have been able to learn, have been respectful and peaceable, with no evidence of a desire to encroach upon the rights of others or make any difficulty whatever with the inhabitants of the village.

Sheriff Newman with assistants, as soon as the murder was discovered, were immediately upon the track of the individuals supposed to have committed the offence, and at five o'clock Sunday morning five persons were secured, and the knife by which the wound was made, discovered. At 8 o'clock the men arrested were committed to the County Jail in Augusta.

There seems to have been no other inducement for the commission of the crime but the desire to "kill an Irishman," and that too without the least provocation on their part for they are well known to be as peaceable and orderly a company as can be found anywhere.

Most of the individuals implicated are young men, natives of this town, who had been rendered doubly desperate by liquor. The transaction is a loud note of warning to parents and guardians of public morals in this community, and should convince them and the town authorities that it is high time something should be done to check the progress of rum and rowdyism in this village.

A jury of inquiry was summoned by Coroner Smith, Saturday evening. The jury sat from 1-2 past 9 o'clock, till 1 o'clock Sunday morning all day Sunday and Monday forenoon. The following verdict was rendered Monday, at 12 o'clock, P. M.

**JUDGMENT.**—That the deceased, Matthew Kinnan, came to his death on Saturday evening about 9 o'clock, on Second Street in Hallowell, near the residence of Mrs. Heard, by a wound upon the right thigh with an instrument called a dirk knife, (which wound nearly severed the femoral artery,) wilfully and feloniously inflicted by Samuel L. Blanchard, said Blanchard with Elijah Barter, George Rennells, John and Henry Leeman being engaged in an aggravated and unprovoked assault upon several Irishmen, all of whose names the Jury have been unable to ascertain.

**OUR SENATORS.**—The National Whig, in noticing the members of the U. S. Senate thus justly compliments the two senators from Maine:

#### HANNAH MARLIN.

A legislator of experience, just in his judgment of men and things, moderate but firm in his opinions, an attractive speaker and an efficient debater, ever ready to pursue the right, of a vigorous intellect, industrious in the performance of his public duties, laborious as a committee-man, a diligent student, practical in his conclusions, a safe and prudent adviser, governed by no narrow views of public policy, intimately acquainted with the history of American legislation, and enjoying the confidence of his fellow-senators for his sound judgment and stern honesty.

#### JAMES W. BURADY.

Well versed in the duties of legislation, a prompt and pleasing speaker, practical in all his views of public policy, of solid attainments, industrious and diligent in the discharge of his public labors, logical in the disposition of his ideas when he speaks, thoroughly liberal and tolerant in his opinions, grasping the details of a subject with great success, and ready at generalization, studious and fond of investigation, apt in communicating results so as to make them plain to the most ordinary understanding, solicitous about being right and though a strong partisan, never losing sight of the great interests of the country in his public acts.

**VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.**—At noon, yesterday, a large number of mail contractors convened at the General Post Office, for the purpose of proceeding in a body and paying their respects to the President of the United States, accompanied by the officers of the Department, who were conducted by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Phinney of Massachusetts, Cotwell of Vermont, and Buckley of New York; and marshaled by Col. Nye, they marched to the White House in the order of the several States from which they came. The Assistant Postmaster-General was presented by the Postmaster-General to the President and then the contractors were severally introduced by name.—National Intelligencer, 6th.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

"The Union—it must be preserved."

PARIS, MAINE, APRIL 10, 1849.

#### THE HALF DEMOCRAT.

JASON is a Democrat both by profession, and practice, though he is not truly Democratic in principle. He is rather a servant of the people, than a friend and advocate of certain abstract doctrines of liberty and justice which lead to the universal good. He is not the leader but the follower of the people—or rather he leads them whithersoever they direct, with rather too much indifference in regard to the road which they take, for a true disciple of liberty. Hence Jason is not a man who would be likely to act independently under any circumstances.

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ROBBERY OF A CALIFORNIA COMPANY IN  
MEXICO.—A telegraphic despatch to the New  
York papers states that Audubon, a son of the  
eminent American Naturalist, whose company  
embarked from that city in January, had been  
robbed of \$12,000 in gold, four thousand being  
subsequently recovered from the robbers.  
Messrs. Webb and Audubon remained behind,  
in order to recover the residue of the money.

The Americans are Englishmen exaggerated, if anything, as regards enterprise. This  
is not to be wondered at, as they have, as a people, more incentives than we have to enterprise. Of this we may rest assured, that the most will be made of the resources and advantages at their disposal. This is all that has made us great. We turned our coal and our iron, and our other resources, to account, and the world has by turns wondered at and envied the result. The American stock of coal and of iron is more than twenty times as great as that of all Europe—Their other resources are in the same proportion, as compared with ours. And if our resources, turned to good account, have made us what we are, what will be the fabric of material greatness which will yet spring from the ample development of resources thirty times as great? If the industry of from twenty to thirty millions of people, with limited means, has raised England to her present pinnacle of greatness and glory, what will the industry of 150,000,000 yet effect in America, when brought to bear upon resources almost infinite? The continent will yet be Anglo-Saxon from Panama to Hudson's Bay. What Anglo-Saxons have done circumstances as we have been, is but a faint type of what Anglo-Saxons will yet do, working in greater numbers, on a more favorable field of operation. [MacKay's Travels.]

The Methodist church in South Berwick, Me., was burnt by an incendiary; loss \$3000, insured \$1000. An attempt was made to blow up the Freehill Baptist church with gunpowder, and P. Lawson, agent of the Salmon Falls Manufacturing Co., is threatened with death if he remains there more than three months.

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in order to recover the residue of the money.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly  
felt at New Bedford and Dartmouth on Friday  
evening, about 8 o'clock. It was also felt very  
sensibly at Newport, R. I., at 10 minutes before 8, accompanied by a sound and the rattling of  
glass in windows, resembling that produced by  
a heavy clip of distant thunder.

THE Overland Emigration to California is so  
great, that the inhabitants of the frontier towns  
in Missouri and Arkansas are beginning to con-  
cern themselves, as far as possible, to make  
it safe to be on the roads. The Little Rock  
Democrat says that the citizens of that place  
"look upon Arkansas as destined to be a central  
point in the commercial highway of the  
world."

ADVERTISING.—A young man in New York  
recently advertised for a wife. In less than two  
hours, eighteen married men sent in word that  
he might have theirs. Concupiscent bliss in that  
village must be at a discount.

CANADA—ANNEXATION.—The Kingston  
(U. C.) Argus states that a petition to Her Maj-  
esty, praying that the Canadians may be allowed  
to be annexed to the United States, is in circu-  
lation in that city.

Commodore Charles W. Morgan has been  
appointed to the command of the Naval Squadron  
in the Mediterranean, in the place of Com-  
mander Bolton, deceased.

COL. FREEMON.—The telegraphic report  
that eleven of Col. Freemont's men had perished  
in the mountains was greatly exaggerated;  
it appears that only three of the party died.

There is one fine feature in Yankee emi-  
gration, the printing press always follows close  
upon the emigrants. A new American paper  
has been established at Panama.

Judge Colt, of Missouri, said, the other day,  
in a charge to the Grand Jury, that the true  
principle "is to spare the person while you crush  
the crime." Judge Colt is a horse.

FROM CANADA.—THE EXCITEMENT IN-  
CREASING.—Advised from Montreal down to  
Thursday evening, represent the people as (morally  
speaking) up in regard to the bill for paying  
rebellion losses. Numerous meetings still con-  
tinue to be held in various parts of Upper Can-  
ada. In Belleville, the notorious Wm. Lyon  
MacKenzie, but for his speedy departure, would  
have been ridden on a rail. The Toronto pa-  
pers are warmly engaged in discussing the  
question of annexation to the United States.  
At a grand concert of the Philharmonic Society,  
held at Donegan's Hotel, at which about 800  
persons were present, his excellency the Governor  
General was treated with marked signs of  
disrespect. The torment is far from subsiding.—  
N. Y. Express.

BRIGHTON MARKET,  
DEPOT FOR THE BOSTON TRAVELLER.]  
THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1849.

At market 276 Beef Cattle, 48 pairs Working Oxen,  
48 Cows and Calves, 759 Sheep, and 5000 Swine.  
2nd best quality \$6.50, 1st quality \$7.50.  
Working Oxen \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20.  
Cows and Calves \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20.  
Sheep—Sales at \$5.50, \$4, and \$3.  
Swine—\$3.50 and \$3—retail \$6 and \$7.

The following article we copy with pleasure from  
the Mercantile Journal, and we hope it will be of  
use to many readers suffering from any of the  
complaints which it is said to cure, they will speedily  
be relieved.

DR. WISTAN'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.  
It is known many years ago that the wild chay-  
ry, or cherry, possessed valuable medicinal  
properties. Dr. Wistan, a highly respectable practitioner. He  
investigated its properties, and the effects of its  
wild cherry—tested its effects when administered alone,  
and when in combination with other medicinal agents.  
He found its natural virtues might be greatly  
increased, and by combining it with ingredients, whose  
properties are well known, a medicine was prepared  
which was of great value in pulmonary affections and diseases  
of the chest and throat—diseases which are prover-  
bially found in our cities and large towns, and often  
prove fatal, especially to persons of middle age to a much  
greater extent than is the case with most other, who  
had almost said all the plagues of disease.

None genuine without the written signature of  
Dr. WISTAN.

STOVE WORKS,  
STEEL FALLS, NORWAY, MAINE.  
BROWN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

#### OXFORD TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The next session of this Association will be held  
in the Congregational Meeting House, at South Paris,  
on the 1st day of May next.  
An Address may be expected from JACOB W.  
BROWNE, of Albany.

The following Report on School Houses, by Tho-  
mas Chase, a well-known authority on Moral Education

by Rev. G. K. Shaw, of Paris.

A discussion may be expected of the following

Resolution:

Resolved, "That Emulation should be encouraged

as a means of instruction in our Common Schools."

Ample arrangements have been made to furnish

with free entertainment all Teachers who may attend

E. P. HINDS, Secretary.

South Paris, 8th April, 1849.

Common School Advocate please copy.

**More "Incurable" Cases Restored.**

[From Dr. W. E. Fisk, Lancaster, N. Y.]

To the Hon. J. W. Fiske, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1848.

To S. Tousier, Agent, from Dr. Fisk, having used Dr.

Buchanan's Balsam in my practice, the very best success for Lung complaints, and having seen that spring to great advantage, I have

## Poetry.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

### The Old Clock in the Hall.

By R. H. STODDARD.

It stands in a corner of the room  
Behind the door, in the shade and gloom,  
In a heavy and antique case,  
Rich mahogany, maple and oak,  
Battered and scratched and dim with smoke,  
And the hands are bent to the face!

The knob and hinges are red with rust,  
The top of the mouldings covered with dust,  
The panels are yellow with stains,  
A few rings of iron like a tattered pall  
Hang from its side to the sonner wall,  
And over the window pane.

The pendulum swings, the wheel goes round,  
Makes a dull, monotonous sound,  
As the clock ticks out the time?

"A tick?" in the fall of grains of sand,  
As time was pouring from out his hand,  
The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years,  
With all their sorrows and sins and tears,  
And left their marks in the hall—  
The old had died, the young grown old—  
Generations have gone to mold,  
And the clock survives them all.

Beautiful girls have watched the hours,  
Knitting at morn, or working flowers  
In frames of broidery fine—  
And morned the young folks playing late,  
Whilst the moments fluttered to "Eight,"  
For the school began at "Nine!"

Mothers with sons in distant lands,  
Sorrowing child at tardy hands,  
And weeping at the dead—  
And wives whose husbands return at night  
Marked the time in the failing light,  
And listened beside the dead!

But years have vanished, and others fill  
Their place, and the old clock standeth still  
Ticking as in its pride—  
Summer and Winter, day and night,  
A sexton claiming the hours' right,  
Tolling the knell of Time!

Jan. 7, 1845.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his propositions. To this end, he begged the Minister of Justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our savant sought the culprit, and thus addressed him: "Sir; several persons who are interested in your family, have prevailed on the Judge not to require you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being led to death within the precincts of your prison. Your dissolution will be gradual and free from all pain. The criminal submitted to his fate, thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand—his eyes were bandaged—he was strapped to a table—and at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was his blood he heard flowing gradually became weaker, and the conversation of the doctor in an under tone confirmed him in his opinion. 'What fine blood?' said one. 'What a pity this man should be condemned to die; he would have lived a long time.' 'Hush!' said the other and then approaching the first, he asked in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?' Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state.' The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartments, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that, although a man of very strong constitution, he failed, and died, without having lost a drop of blood!

A NEW PUZZLE.—A correspondent, says the Boston Weekly Symbol, sends us the following useful puzzle. Its solution will suggest an important duty to newspaper readers generally:

#### ENTRIPRINTE

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I RPEP TPRINT

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I heard the following anecdote related a few days since.—An avuncular landlord threatened to turn a poor widow out into the street for non-payment of rent. After beseeching him not to expose herself and fatherless children to the feelings of the pitiless storm, and finding that her applications had no effect to move his stony heart, she ejaculated: "Have you no bowels of compassion?" "No, ma'm," he replied, "not a bowel!"

Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the father and brush was performing the operation of shaving a boister with a very dull razor. "Stop!" said the boister, "that won't do." "What do ma'ms?" "That razor pulls." "What ma'ms for dat, sir? If de handle of de razor be tight, de hair'd be bound to cum off."

"Oh, at the time he was lost, an old grey goat, (for it was cold, dirty weather,) and under it an old mssarjacket, which he could only wear out."

"From what hand?"

"The left. And then, at the great battle of Jemmapes he got a sabre cut from the right ear to the chin which left such a lovely scar."

"And may I ask if there was any thing remarkable in his dress? what did he usually wear?"

"Yes, by the token of this silver watch which was also upon him, and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's gold'n heart, and by that of the two fingers of the left hand which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river, and the star from the tip of the right ear to the chin, how could all those marks meet any one but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it to be under any delusion."

So saying he warmly embraced the delighted young man whose honest gratitude found vent in his unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Painting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of the

old man a silver watch with a steel chain."

"Yes," said the old dame sighing, with a gold

AN IRISH BULL.—A person who had visited California, was speaking rapturously of the climate of that country in the presence of an Irishman; among other things he said it was so healthy there that people never died. "Fath," says Pat, "an' I should like to go there and END MY DAYS."

One day at a farm house a wag saw an old goiter trying to eat the strings of some night caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call an attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

A SMART FELLOW.—There is a man in Wisconsin by the name of Atherton, who one week in January last, thrashed four hundred bushels of wheat, three constables, and forty deputy sheriffs.

The pendulum swings, the wheel goes round, makes a dull, monotonous sound, As the clock ticks out the time?

"A tick?" in the fall of grains of sand, As time was pouring from out his hand, The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years, With all their sorrows and sins and tears, And left their marks in the hall—

The old had died, the young grown old—

Generations have gone to mold,

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And morned the young folks playing late,

Whilst the moments fluttered to "Eight,"

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Mother with sons in distant lands, Sorrowing child at tardy hands,

And weeping at the dead—

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Summer and Winter, day and night,

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Tolling the knell of Time!

Jan. 7, 1845.

### VICTOR DACHEUX.

[Concluded from first page.]

came on their account, to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest dings of his fate.

He was subjected to fits of blood in his head poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and rouges must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for the Paris merchants could prove that they had nothing to show for it to the wine-growers of Sen, of course we had to sell all to satisfy them, which left us without a son. My grandmother fretted herself into palsies, and my poor mother having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris, where she toils hard, making shirts for my fellow-workmen and I get, when all goes well, three francs a day so that with the help of God, we manage to live!

"Pray, what might be your grandfather's age?"

"Hard upon seventy."

"And his height?"

"Much the same, as mine; about five feet."

"And his name if you please?"

"Why the same as I bear after him; Maurice Goddard."

"And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?"

"Just twenty-four thousand francs; enough to rain us out and out. But why do you ask me all these questions?"

"Why, to be useful to you if I should have an opportunity."

"How you do look at me Monsieur Dacheux!"

"Not for nothing, believe me; you have inspired me with a lively interest." I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother, likewise!

We're highly honored I'm sure; but if so, you will have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving."

You may expect me to-morrow. What dress?"

Rue Boucher, No. 16, up five pair of stairs, Oh, how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit! They know that to you I owe my cured hand. Good bye, Monsieur Dacheux."

"Till to-morrow friend Goddard."

Early next morning the man of the shore, was at the house specified, eager to conform, by authentic proofs, the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who had better days.

The venerable grand-mother seated in her wheeling chair, seemed, in spite of her bodily infirmity to be in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle, while her son read to both from an old paper, the report of the honors conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for the cure of her son; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam of hope on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the loss of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the bolder of the twenty-four thousand francs had enough to do to conceal the secret emotion, while putting to those so deeply interested the questions dictated by prudence.

"Had your husband," he inquired of the old woman, "no mark or token by which he could have been recognized?"

"Oh, dear, yes," was her ready answer. "The poor fellow was in the first wave of the Revolution, and had two fingers shot off" at the battle Fleurus."

"From what hand?"

"The left. And then, at the great battle of Jemmapes he got a sabre cut from the right ear to the chin which left such a lovely scar."

"And may I ask if there was any thing remarkable in his dress? what did he usually wear?"

"Yes, by the token of this silver watch which was also upon him, and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's gold'n heart, and by that of the two fingers of the left hand which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river, and the star from the tip of the right ear to the chin, how could all those marks meet any one but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it to be under any delusion."

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old man a silver watch with a steel chain."

"Yes," said the old dame sighing, with a gold

heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we was engaged."

"But," abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, "a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket book."

"To be sure he did," replied three voices at once.

"Of what color?"

"Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use that you might have half fancied it red."

"And fastened," said the mother, with a little steel clasp."

"And inside, again sighed the grandmother, my poor good man always carried an image of his patron saint, St. Maurice, which I gave him when I was a girl, once upon his birth-day—Aye me! it's a long, long, while ago!"

"But, sir," young Maurice could not help saying, "methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view."

"I have," replied Dacheux, convinced from all particular that the rightful heir he had sought for so many years in vain, now stood before him—I have indeed a notion that, about the time I mention, an old man was taken out of the river, whom you recovered from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making with her unborn infant, two hundred and fifteen lives he had been enabled to preserve."

Every one present crowded round the General benefactor, proclaiming him the honor of his country, and a model for mankind; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming, "never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of 'The Man of the Shore.'"

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**ISSUES  
MISSING**

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